HANNIBAL.

THE STORY OF THE SECOND PUNIC WAR

GREAT CAPTAINS. HANNIBAL. A History of the

The career of Hannibal is certainly one of the most picturesque and interesting in history, and the title of the Carthaginian general to rank high since disappeared or been reduced to a mere among the world's great captains rests upon un- nothing. The Romans on their part had developed impeachable evidence. For in this case all the the cavalry arm greatly, and during the latter authorities are hostile to the hero. His biographers are either Roman or wholly dependent upon Roman testimony; and the man whose hatred to Romans never made the use of their cavalry that Rome was the guiding principle of his life was not Hannibal had done. The reason was that they likely to be overestimated by the people to whom, had not the genius. And even after Marcellus during eighteen years, he was a constant source of apprehension and anxiety. Yet to his prowess upon Italian fields is doubtless due the measure of justice meted out to him by writers like Livy and Polybius; for it was impossible greatly to depreciate a captain who, to the knowledge of all the world, had held Rome at bay so long, and had so often humbled the pride of her legions and inflicted upon them the most crushing defeats. The Second Punic War is one of the most remarkable on record. It is not so because Hannibal was thrown upon his own resources by Carthage, for many generals have suffered a similar fate; but his movements so successfully, while spying out because in that stubborn and protracted conflict every step of his adversary. He was full, too, of the whole power of Rome was defied by a commander whose single army was steadily deteriorating all the time, yet who succeeded in avoiding any crushing or even compromising defeats long after he had become unable to take the offensive. Colonel Dodge has brought to his task a very thorough preparation and equipment. He has been all over the ground of Hannibal's Italian campaigns, Polybius and Livy in hand, and has examined and judged all the disputed questions by the combined light of professional knowledge and topographical investigation. To the old dispute as to the route taken by Hannibal in crossing the Alps, he has devoted careful study, and on the basis of the itinerary of Polybius chiefly, has reached the conclusion that the pass traversed by the Carthaginian was that of the Little St. Bernard. The argument by which this position is maintained is ingenious and plausible. It is made to appear more probable, and, above all, more in accord with Polybius, than any of the other theories; and the consideration that this route would have landed him among friendly tribes on the Italian side, whereas the other would have brought him out among hostile populations, must be admitted to carry much weight. The final settlement of such problems, if, indeed, at all possible, must, however, be left to professional acumen. To the general public it will always be more interesting to hear of what Hannibal did after he reached Italy discuss the question by what road he crossed the mountains to get there. His crossing, moreover, though successful as regards its main purpose, was clearly attained at a very great cost. His losses during the passage were heavy, in men, animals and commissariat stores. Nearly onethird of his army was sacrificed to the perils of the way, and, in effect, the Alps cost him as much as two pitched battles.

The task which Hannibal then undertook was destined to failure through no fault of his own. In the great struggle between Rome and Carthage everything played a part, and the constitution of the Carthaginian State was really what conquered Hannibal and paved the way for the fulfilment of Cato's comminatory demand. Breadth of view, otherwise statesmanship, was wanting from first to last in the councils of Carthage Rome had not then grown to her pitch of pride and power. Her bones were yet in the gristle, so to speak, and a powerful and wisely governed rival might have overthrown her. Hannibal was the one Carthaginian to perceive clearly that Rome should be fought, not in Spain, but in Italy: if Hannibal's appeals for reinforcements after Cannae had been responded to-if the Senate had seconded his splendid generalship by maintaining his forces in full strength-it is highly probable that Rome, not Carthage, would have been destroyed. As it was, Carthage was no less the enemy of Hannibal than Rome, and a more treacherous enemy, for he depended upon her for help. and she failed him almost uniformly. The conthe offensive-defensive, and that again for the purely defensive: for he was growing weaker tinually, while Rome was growing stronger.

Colonel Dodge necessarily pays considerable When Hannibal had in hand his veteran troops -that is, when he entered Italy-his phalangial Roman legion whenever the two encountered. This remained true while the African troops of Hannihis ranks were filled from raw, undisciplined Ital- Carthage while it was possible to do so. ian tribes, the question of formation was inevitably subordinated to that of morale. As all this time the Roman discipline and military intelligence had been developing-as, in fact, the Roman captains had been to school to Hannibal himself campaign after campaign-the effectiveness of the legionary formation was, of course, greatly enhanced: but the Carthaginian army ceased in time to be able to face the legions, because the whole body had undergone radical change and "burning genius" of Hannibal, so feeble an instrument must have broken in his hands and left him naked and helpless. With his depleted and demoralized army he did wonders, and even at the last, when his weakness was known, the terror of his name was such that the bravest Roman dared not attempt to close in upon him. All this was the result of such campaigning as has perhaps never been equalled since, as it cer-For Hannibal united in tainly never was before. himself more great military qualities than any other captain has possessed. Bolder than the boldest, he was also prudent as the most cautious. He could carry out & Fabian policy, or he could deliver crushing blows, as at Cannae and Thrasi-

He was as great a politician as a soldier, in fact, and all his fighting and marching was directed to political Ends. He has been blamed for not marching upon Rome after the victory of Cannae. Colonel Dodge defends his course, and, we think, with judgment. His theory is that Hannibal believed nothing was to be gained by marching on Rome. He had only about 40,000 men, and he could not expect to take the Seven-Hilled City by a "coup de main." He knew that Rome could muster to her defence a greater army than his own, that her walls were strong and that her allies were faithful. It was upon some of those allies that he expected to operate through his victories. In seeking Italy his calculation had always been that his coming would cause defections among Rome's allies. But nothing of the kind had occurred so far, and without such a defection he knew that a demonstration against the capital must be ineffective. He was never dazzled victory or depressed by defeat. His object was to conquer a favorable peace from Rome, and he believed that the way to do this was to best Rome's armies in the field, and not to force Rome to the energy of despair by striking at the centre of her life. If he had had 100,000 men after Cannae, it might have seemed worth while to march on Rome: for in that case he might have been able to overcome even the convulsive efforts of the city, and so have made an end of the whole struggle then and there. But he "looked before and after," and the situation being what it was, he would not encounter any needless risk. The wisdom of this indicated speedily, for Carthage refused to send him the reinforcements for which he

Hannibal held his ground in Italy for fifteen years. During the first three he carried all before During the succeeding twelve he was shrinking and his antagonists were growing But as Colonel Dodge well observes, it steadily. was during these years of decline and ill fortune Art of War Among the Carthaginians and Romans Down to the Battle of Pydna, 168 B. C., with a Detailed Account of the Second Punic War. With 227 charts, plans of battles, and actical manoeuvres, cuts of armor, weapons and uniforms. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge, evo, pp. xviii, 684. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. horse, his great strength in which did him so much service in his earlier engagements, had long years of the invasion were as strong in this force as Hannibal had been at the outset. But the and Nero had shown that it was possible to infliet defeats upon the redoubtable Carthaginianeven when the phalanx was no longer capable of facing the legion-all shrank from attacking Hannibal. The dread and anxiety he inspired in his foes were not, however, due solely to his fighting power, though that was great; it was his almost miraculous craft, his subtlety, which his opponents feared. They never could predict his movements. They never could even be sure of his position unless he was directly in view. No man made such swift and secret marches. No man concealed cunning devices. He laid traps and ambuscades, and they were always successful. The Romans toward the end learned some of his methods, and once, at least, retaliated them upon him; but they were slow in appropriating these practices and

dumsy in applying them. In one point alone does Hannibal's science appear to be at all defective, and that is in the matter Here he seems to have recognized an of sieges. uncongenial element; at all events his want of success in such operations is so marked and constant as to challenge attention. In the attempt to relieve Capua he sustained a signal discomfiture. It is true that the odds were enormously against him, but it was not common with him to accept defeat. This time he recognized the futility of all direct efforts to relieve Capua, and for once took a very audacious course, though the event proved that he had already taught Rome too much for his ruse to be successful. He marched straight upon Rome, hoping that this movement would compel one of the beleaguering armies to raise the siege and follow him. But the consuls were by this time educated to an appreciation of his tacties, and they knew that Rome was strong enough to defend herself. They did not move from before Capua, contenting themselves with sending a small corps of observation after him. He raided to within three miles of the gates of Rome, re fused battle to the city forces, and seeing that his attempt had failed, withdrew, and left Capua to her fate. This, however, was when things were manifestly drawing toward the end; when Hannibal no longer dared offer battle to his foes; when it was as much as he could do to subsist his weakened army and so move it as to avoid being hemmed in and starved into surrender. Even then the spirit he imparted to his raw levies kept them faithful to his standards, if it could not give them the efficiency of his wornout veterans; and though they were unequal to the Romans, they showed a courage and constancy on the field such as no other commander could have evolved from so poor material.

When Hasdrubal set out on his march through Gaul to join his great brother in Italy, Hannibal was fairly beaten to a standstill. He had lost southern Italy. All the towns he had taken in earlier campaigns had been wrested from him. His allies had deserted him, foreseeing the failure of his enterprise. Rome, however, still feared him, and looked forward with strong apprehension to the arrival of Hasdrubal, whose ability was greatly overrated. He seems to have committed every possible blunder. His whole scheme was several years too late. Had he come after Cannae his presence might have turned the scale. the opportunity had passed. The capture of his dispatches to Hannibal only hastened the catastrophe. But for that he would have made some further advance, but with so able a man as Nero on the watch he must have met his fate, if not on the Metaurus, then at some other point, for sequence was that he was obliged to change his he could not have coped with Nero anywhere. policy after the first three years; to exchange and Hannibal could hardly have ventured to meet him. The disaster of the Metaurus finished Hancompaigns in Italy Thenceforward escape Carthage, driven to the wall, recalled him home, attention to the question of formations and tactics. he showed his genius once more in carrying his army safely to Africa in the teeth of overwhelmphalanx he is led to prefer the former. Yet it ing Roman forces, both sea and land. But it was does not appear that the conditions during the still too late. There was no time, in the face of does not appear that the conditions during the Second Punic War were precisely such as to furnish ground for a final decision on this point. Carthaginian forces, and the fatal field of Zama witnessed the overthrow of Hannibal and his country together. The great captain lived nineteen formation showed itself superior to that of the years longer, and is said (but upon doubtful authority) to have killed himself finally to escape threatened surrender to the Romans. He fought bal lived. When they were all expended and no battles after Zama, but by his councils helped

Colonel Dodge has carefully considered the Roman charges against Hannibal, namely, those of cruelty, avarice and "Punic faith." enabled to demonstrate conclusively that these charges are without substantial foundation, and to prove that the Carthaginian was really more humane than his accusers; that he was lavish in his expenditures for the cause of his country. and that his "Punica Fide" was neither more nor less than superior military science. An interest deterioration. But for what Colonel Dodge calls ing comparison between Hannibal and Alexander follows, and excepting in the matter of sieges, the author holds the Carthaginian as superior to the Macedonian. His final estimate may be quoted:

Hannibal excelled as a tactician. No battle in history is a finer sample of tactics than Cannae But he was yet greater in logistics and strategy. No captain ever marched to and fro among so many armies of troops superior to his owe in numbers and material as fearlessly and skilfully as he. No man ever held his own so long or so ably against such odds. Constantly over-matched by better soldiers led by generals always respectable, often of great ability, he yet defied all their efforts to drive him out of Italy for half a generation. Not even Frederick was outweighed as was Hannibal, for though Frederick's army was smaller, it was better than that of any of the allies. As a soldier, fin the countenance he presented to the stoutest of foes and in the constancy he exhibited under the bitterest adversity, Hannibal stands alone and uncoualled. As a man, no character in history exhibits a purer life or nobler patriotism.

This 's very high praise, but the context fully But he was yet greater in logistics and strategy.

This is very high praise, but the context fully instifies it. Hannibal's personal character, as represented by his worst enemies, is signally noble and elevated. His virtues were such as are rare in any age. He was temperate chaste, patient, just, liberal, humane for his time, loyal in friend ship. Separated from his wife for fifteen years, he remained faithful to her amid temptations such as few great commanders have resisted. His personal magnetism must have been marvellous, for all who served under him were devoted to him. His presence in battle was worth an army corps, and so impressive was his individuality that even when the Homans were aware that his army had lost its prestige, the name of the commander was sufficient to prevent them that his army had host its present, the hame of the commander was sufficient to prevent them from taking the offensive. Colonel Dodge has written a masterly book upon this great captain, and it is of the deepest interest in every part. The accounts of Hamnibal's battles and sieges and marches are clear and spirited: the dis-quisitions upon most points are marked by sound judgment and full information, and the plans and charts are so numerous as to make the whole nar-rative easily intelligible.

VALERA'S "DONA LUZ".

DONA LUZ. By Juan Valera. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. 12mo, pp. 284. D. Appleton & Co. Serrano. 12mo, pp. 284. D. Appleton & Co. The chief characteristics of Senor Valera's story Dona Luz' are simplicity and fulness of analysis. There are not many characters and there is not much The interest centres in the unconscionaction.

One is made to perceive that neither Dona Luz nor Enrique entertained the remotest suspicion of the change both were undergoing until the appearance of Don Jaime, and the events which followed rapidly forced the poor Father to interrogate himself Then the dreadful discovery breaks upon him with blasting force. But the story Is not all tragic Don Acisclo is a humorous creation of a very high order; and the description of his stewardship to the deceased Marquis, whose estate has somehow passed to the possession of the steward without raising any doubts as to the integrity of the latter, is exemely clever both in its fun and its satire. Senor Valera incidentally illustrates many phases of Spanish country life most interestingly, and all his portraits are marked by boldness and precision, vivid yet not exaggerated color, and lifelikeness. Decidedly "Dona Luz" is a very clever book.

ZOLA'S MONEY.

GENIUS AND INFAMY.

L'ARGENT. Par Emile Zola. 12mo, pp. 445. Paris: Charpentier. New-York: W. R. Jenkins and F. W.

Zola has chosen for the scene of his new novel the closing years of the Second Empire, during which Paris was seething in wild speculation, enterprises as rash and reckless as those engendered by the South Sea Bubble were set on foot by the dozen, and the public, completely carried away by the gambling spirit of the hour, rushed to embark upon all these mad or wicked projects with ever increasing haste and blindness. Fiction could not surpass the follies and crimes of that period, and the realist could select no subject better fitted to illustrate strikingly the evils and abuses of speculation. In dealing with the inside history of one of these great swindling schemes Zola has found opportunity to indulge his ruling passion. He fairly revels in his descriptions of the seamy side of operations on the Bourse, and he introduces a new set of characters, representing the great and petty rogues who live upon public eredulity in this way, and who work, either, as with the majority, in the capacity of jackals to the bolder and abler secondrels, or independently. The history of the Universal Bank established by the veteran adventurer, Saccard, the brother of Minister Rougon, is in its general outline and its mastery of contributory details, a strong piece of fantastic imaginings of a clever engineer, who has of magnificent ideas of opening great silver mines at Mount Carmel, of syndicating all the Mediterranean transport lines, of covering Asia Minor with a network of railways, is ingenious, not to speak of the same engineer's crowning project of obtaining Palestine and scating the Pope at Jerusalem, supported by a Catholic Bank, which is to act as a counterpoise to the Jewish financial

These airy plans or suggestions furnish Saceard with the foundations of his Universal Bank, and with the assistance of a clique of unprin cipled moneyed men he succeeds in putting it on its feet. This is the first act in the drama, the rest of which is mainly occupied with a tremendous struggle on the Bourse between Saccard and Gundermann, a Jewish financier, who possesses a milliard, and with whom it is a vital question maintain his prestige and supremacy. The character of Saccard is clearly and firmly drawn. man absolutely void of moral sense, but amazingly quick, versatile and plausible, he overcomes all objections, creates strong attachments guiding principles, quickly forfeits all the genuine opportunities afforded for establishing a stable institution by yielding to the gambling tempta tion of forcing his stock up to a phenomenal that all that relates to this duel and to the operators and, operations on the stock market, is in Zola's most impressive manner. No detail escapes him. He has created a whole gallery of portraits, and while, with rare exceptions, they are the portraits of knaves, there can be no doubt that the types belong to the situation, which produces, or at least festers and develops, the depravity of such adventurers.

bling in the stock of the Bank, which is forced up to a fabulous figure, and in its rise makes an impossible future for the institution by draining its coffers to support the artificial inflation of and episodes, illustrating the incidence of the speculative fever upon individuals and families in scenes and narratives the worst vice of Zolaism comes to the surface. Not content with exhibiting the evils which derive normally from the abuse of the money power, he brings into play, and takes a keen delight in expatiating upon, the most scandalous and even obscene things. It is true that certain memoirs published not many years ago -the Memoirs of Vieil-Castelle-go even as far as Zola here goes in describing the morals of the Second Empire, but this cannot justify a novelist literal translation of "L'Argent." The plain truth is that there are passages and whole scenes in the book which, if put in English, should and must expose the publisher to prosecution; and it should be seen to that no translation of these offensive passages be allowed to go abroad.

What makes the vice of Zola the more exasperating is that in the present case his filthiness is entirely superfluous, adding nothing to the force of the picture, and being in no way necessary to the plot or any of its branches. It would be possible to excise every particle of obscenity from the volume, in fact, not only without detracting from itstimpressiveness, but very greatly to its advantage as a work of fiction. All the peculiarly Zolaistic effects are really mere appendages, which may be cleared away without the least hesitation as to the literary results of such purgation, and which will have to be cleared away if the book is to be read in English by the American public We dwell upon this point, not only because Zola is really outrageous in his surrender to his evil dispositions, but because, apart from these stains and blackers. L'Argent' is a decidedly newseful rigid system of etiquette is that there is actually more and blotches, "L'Argent" is a decidedly powerful and able book, and contains pictures of a remarkable period, so lifelike, so vigorous, so masterly, that they ought not to be put beyond the reach of the reading public by their association with matter fit only for swift suppression. There are also character studies which display real genius, and some of which recall the penetration and comprehensiveness of Balzac. Among these are the portraits of Busch and his lieutenant, Le Mechain; the two vultures of the financial battlefield, who hover about the scene awaiting their opportunity to attack the wounded or the slain; catures who live on the misfortunes of others: who buy for a song the stock of ruined corporations, and resell it to freudulent bankrupts in need of excuses for the disappearance of their capital; who buy up bad debts, and pursue the debtors, if need be, for a lifetime; who practise blackmail upon system, and rob the widow and orphan by preference. This terrible pair alone would give character to the book. It is of course in some sort a criminal calendar,

The one honest broker is ruined by his integrity, and kills himself. The one other honest man, and kills himself. The one other honest man, Sigismund the Socialist, dies of consumption. Of the worst men few come to grief. It is the innocent who suffer. Regarding the story from a purely artistic point of view, however, it must be admitted that it abounds with highly wrought

before the reader with a tenderness and a completeness will leave no doubt as to the fineness of her character. There are two distinct tragedles in the romance, one spiritual, the other material. These are set in a quaint background of Spanish village are set in a quaint background of Spanish village are set in a quaint background of Spanish village are set in a quaint background of Spanish village brought out by the author with strong veri-similitude and artistic feeling. The perfect delicacy with which a most difficult problem is treated—the insensible merging of an exalter religious emotion into mundane love—is one of the most admirable effects in the book. One is made to perceive that neither Dona Luz nor knowledge the excellences while condemning the atrocities of this novel, and he has no alternative between recommending its absolute suppression and the expurgation of its iniquities.

WOMEN IN JAPAN.

THE MOST CHARMING OF THEIR SEX.

JAPANESE GIRLS AND WOMEN. By Alice Mabel Bacon. 12mo, pp. 333. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This was a book which needed to be written, for it the first and only aftempt thus far made to give : clear, full and trustworthy account of one-half of the most interesting and attractive of all the Oriental races It could only have been written by a woman, and only by a woman who had enjoyed rare opportunities fo observation. Ingress to the private life of the Japanese is difficult, notwithstanding the external indifference to publicity which the middle and lower classes appear to exhibit; and no man, even if admitted to this life, could hope to obtain that intimate knowledge of the subjecssary to an exposition of any real value. Miss Bacon, however, lived many years in Japan, and her place as a teacher enabled her to penetrate man and very few women could have passed, she, more over, had the rare advantage of confidential relations with members of the Japanese aristocracy, from whon she has derived much curious and important information; and her own Judgment is at once so liberal ar sound that she has produced an admirable and fascinating volume, and one which takes its place as the main repository of our knowledge upon the general subject

Nothing more generously appreclative or sympathetic has been written. The women and girls of Japan are n the estimation of the author, the most charming dable, tender and graceful of their sex. But how did they become so? The answer to this question demands an analysis of the ways of viewing life which have obtained in Japan for ages. The chief motive majeure" of man. The Oriental theory of inferiority does not in Japan take form in the institution of the harem. Japanese men appear always to have been too liberal minded for that. It has, however ing the women considerable freedom of action, doom The life of the Japanese baby, child and young girl, in well to do circles, is abundantly happy and pleasant and care than in Japan. While obedience and respecfor parents and elders are instilled at the earliest p ble age, there is nothing stiff, harsh or repellent in the training. It is no doubt the case that conturies of the same system have predisposed Japanese children t gentleness, courtesy and amiability. beyond questio. ren in the world, and in most respects they have reason to be so. But the little girl's first lesson is that of subordination. She is made to understandnot roughly but kindly-that she must always put be self last in everything, and that she lives but for the deed, enforce this superiority upon her offensively a

Until the marriageable age, however, the young gir leads, in many respects, an ideal life. Her education whether aucient or modern, is not in accordance with Western notions, though in one particular the most ad vanced Western educational ideas run on all fours with In learning to write the Chinese char acter with facility the pupils acquire all the fluency of expression, case and boldness of stroke and sure of hand which the practice of freehand drawing velops; and the essential character of Japanese drawing is greatly indebted to this preliminary scriptive Japanese girls are also well grounded is their national literature, especially poetry, and mutem of etionetie, which, if parrowing in one way, repress the development of their minds But the Japanese, perhaps at bottom not less selfish than these other Asiatics, seek their own pleasure and lave of beauty, the practice of grace, and so satisfying their aesthetic requirements.

Early marriage is the rule in Nippon. the average age for girls. These are in a measure free values. The battle between the Bank and the to choose their mates; or, rather, a veta p wer girl will take a bushand, and as she must not wait too long, there is virtually a limit to her exercise of the vet. Once married, she belongs to her husband in even a more literal sense than the Englishman's wife speculative fever upon individuals and families in of old was popularly believed to belong to him. As it every condition of life. And in these subsidiary is the custom for a son to being his bilde home to the paternal roof, the mother in law problem is a serious one in Japan, and is not seldom a cause of divorce, which can be sought by either party to the contract A divorced wife loses custody of her children, and this is a bitter penalty, while she is practically without a domestic system of Japan differs radically from our own, however. It is the exception for men to devote themselves to amassing property. Singular as it may appear to the Western observer, here is a nation which does not worship the almighty dollar; which holds in deliberately making use of the most infamous that many things are better worth having than ciches; and disgusting scandals on record. And it is desirable that a few words should be said here lifetime to money making; and which, above all refuses as to the publication in the United States of any to "provide for the future" in the Western fashion. When a Japanese youth marries he never dreams of setting up housekeeping for himself. his wife home, and then she is adopted into the family. When a head of a family is about fifty years of are he thinks it time to retire from active life and enjoy him elf. Having settled his affairs, he turns over the business of faralshing the supplies to his sons or sonsin-law, and thenceforth they must support the house hold. The old people now have their innings, and pass their declining years in a comfortable leisure.

The young folks cheerfully accept the new re rhaps for years, upon their parents, and never think of disputing the obligation to take up the voke in their turn. The last state of the Japanese women is thus often the happiest of their lives. They are deepl respected and deferred to; they are no longer called up to work. Surrounded by children and grandchildren they occupy themselves with traching and amusing the mosphere of love and veneration. But the active life which is the fact that she is after all only her husband's head servant. She is not his equal in social difference between the positions of the Emperor and Empress than between a peasant man and wife. fact, Miss Bacon thinks the peasant women generally better off than those of the city and the court. Their very humility and insignificance frees them from many embarrassments. They have a variety of healthful oc embarrassments. They have a variety of heathful oc-cupations; and they can afford to be natural. Miss Bacon discusses the life of the various classes in much detail, and with plentiful illustration. One point she is apparently doubtful upon, namely whether it is possible for the women of Japan to acquire a higher education and an improved social position without losing in the process the grace, gentleness and charm which the old methods have conferred upon them. She also thinks that the pace may kill in a too precipitate progress, and that dready some mischief is being done by attempts to enlarge the girls' curriculum too hastily she defends the Japanese women vigorously from the charges that have been preferred against them by travellers and by half-informed residents of the treaty ports, and in all respects does her subject full justice We recommend this book very heartily to all who take an interest to Japan.

A BOSTON WOMAN'S READING. Correspondence of The St. Louis Globe Depocrat.

World's Fair Auxiliary Association has written to Tennyson offering him an honorary membership and suggesting that a song from his pen to be sung at the opening of the Fair would be appreciated.—(Telegram from Chicago.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother

I'll begrudge the time I spend in sleep this bright, de-No other days I've known, mother, with the present can

Fir I've got a pass to the fair, mother, a pass to Chicago's fair !

There's many a bard in the crude New World, but above them all I soar.

There's Lowell, Whittier, Stedman, Holmes-and dozens

on dozens more, But never a man of them all, they say, deserves with So I've got a pass to the fair, mother, I've got a season

pass! I sleep so sound on this Isle of Wight that I shall never

Unless you pound my head with a club, when the day And if I'm to write a soulful ode, to Parnassus I must

repair. For I've got a pass to the fair, mother, a season pass

to the fair!

As I came up the valley, ma, my blood was nigh con gealed. At the sight of a weeping Western bard, a certain Eu-

genio Field. He'll not be able to see the fair, save he buys him a

While I've got a season pass, mother, I've got a season pass: He thinks me an interloper, ma-he's good at odes him-

so when I met him, I couldn't keep in, but laughed like the veriest elf:

He called me a mean, top-lofty Lord, but of course I didn't care. For I've got a pass to the fair, mamma, a season pass

to the fair! Perhaps I'll ask him to go with me to-morrow to my

And you of course 'Il be there, mother, to see me take And the bright reporters from far and near shall gather

at my abode To see me dash off the ode, mamma, to see me dash off the ode!

I'll write the ode in my best, best style, and I'll manage to rhyme Chicago (Though the only rhyme I can think of now is the poor,

plain word embargo) And apt allusion and local tints, be certain I shall not For I've got a pass to the fair, mother, a season pass

to the fair! I'll sing of the crimson abattoirs. I'll mention great Phil

I'll tell of the wheat pit's stormy depths, I'll linger o'er

Potter Palmer, 191 toast the shoe of the lakeside belle, I'll picture the prairie grass. For I've got a pass to the fair, mother, I've got a season

pass: The stockyards gay, the baseball nine, girls sweet be-

yond comparison. The Ibsen clubs, the neat dressed beef, the Hon. Car-They'll all appear in my soulful ode and be done full

For I've got a pass to the fair, mother, a season pass to the fair

The champion fire, the bold "Old Hutch," the Marshall Field emporium,

What Matthew Arnold thought of the town, the splendid Auditor um; Aye, every source of Chicago's pride shall be caught in

So be sure that you call me early, call me early, mother

I'll begrudge the time I spend in sleep this bright, de-No other days I've known, mother, with the present can

On soher second thought, mother, a different course I

Don't call me early, ma, nor late, don't break my

morning snoeze.

For I find the people "suggesting" the ode have sent

Isn't that the frigidest gall, mother, Isn't that the frigidest gall?

THE HEROISM OF CHILDHOOD. From The London Spectator.

From The London Spectator.

There is something very pathetic about the hereism of childhood, where we mean by heroism something of really independent during and presence of mind, something beyond mere steadfast trustfulness which is in a sense natural to childhood. The inquest held yesterday week before Dr. Macdonald, M. P., coroner for Northeast London, on Henry James Bristow, aged eight years, filmstrates precisely what we mean. Mrs. Bristow, who lives at Waithamstow, had left this little boy alone in the room with a younger sister of only three years of age, in order to go on an errand, from which she returned before 6 o'clock to find that the little girl had ellimbed on a chair to reach a small paraflake lamp, and had upset it over her clothes, which, of course, caught fire at once. The boy immediately tore them off her, and laid her upon the bed; but in lifting her on the bed, his own clothes caught fire, and it took the child a long time to tear them off, which, however, at last he succeeded in doing, but not till be was roseriously hurt that, though taken at once to a hospital, he died within a week from the result of the injuries. His little sister's life he had succeeded in saving; at least she was said to be doing well at the time of the inquest on her brother.

The coroner very justly spoke of the boy as quite a little hero, and he was a bero in precisally the senso in which it seems to us that the word, as applied to a child of eight, carries a profound pathos with it, because it implies a presence of mind, a prompitude of purpose, a self-command and fortitude and steadfastness, which are usually quite beyond a child's imagination, much less its practical achievement.

PROMPT ANSWER TO PRAYER.

From The Lewistown (Penn.) Gazette. A United Brethren preacher, the Rev. John R. Eberly, of Lewistown, has been conducting revival meetings at the Brush Ridge schoolhouse, in this county, for three weeks. The countryside for miles are und is represented nightly and intense intenest is shown. The other night an amusing climax occurred ar and is represented nightly and intense intenest is shown. The other night an amusing climax occurred during the delivery of Brother Eberty's opening prayer. The venerable minister has shown a partiality for the phrase. To Lord, shower Thy blessing down upon us, which is incorporated in all his prayers. When this period of his invocation was reached the audience was thrown into a condition of extreme excitement by the copions fall of water from the trap door directly over the minister, drenching him through and through. the copions fall of water from the trap door directly over the minister, denething him through and through. A temporary check was given to the services by this sudden fulfilment of the prencher's prayer and the tranquillity of the meeting was not re-established until an investigation revealed the cause of the unexpected downpour. John L. Smith, a fifteen-year-old boy, and secreted himself in the attic of the schoolhouse in mivance of the meeting and given practical effect to Mr. Eberly's invocation with two buckets of water.

RARREIT AND THE DICTIONARY.

Rate Field, in her Washington.

Poverty and drudgery kept Lawrence Barrett out of school, and only when "call-boy" did he really learn to read. Then that head of his came to his aid. Begging candle-ends from the theatre, he would go to his wretched little room and stick them on tacks purposely nailed into the floor, as the ends were too short for a candle-stick. There, lying flat on his stomach, the future tragedian taught himself to read out of an old copy of Johnson's dictionary.

"I'll wager 1 can trip you up on the first page," said Laurence Hutton, on being told this incident.

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A very extraordinary page is that first of Johnson's dictionary, beginning with such unusual words as dictionary, beginning with such unusual words as Aaronical, abacist, abadis, all of which Barrett spelled and defined correctly.

"What's "abacet':"
"A cap of state used in old times by our English kings, wrought up in the figure of two crowns,"
"What's "abannition'!"
"A banishment for one or two years for manshaughter."
"What's "abditory':"
"A place to hide and preserve goods in."
The very words of a dictionary that Barrett had not opened for thirty years!

LITERARY NOTES.

The first part of W. D. O'Connor's "Brazen Android"-the strange story of Friar Bacon's talking machine-appears in the April "Atlantic." This story O'Connor wrote thirty years ago, calling it then "The Brazen Head." It was wonderfully done, as the reader may now perceive, but was so rhetorical that the Editor of "The Atlantic" returned it with a request that the author should rewrite it. He got angry or was disheartened, and the friend to whom he showed it could not persuade him to revise it. That was in TENNYSON AND THE CHICAGO 1861; and nothing more was heard of the story until now. So far as the first instalment shows, it is an monly vivid and brilliant piece of work.

> Something of the wondering regret that comes on the untimely taking off of one too young to go moves those who knew Anne Botta best. She was so young in her sympathies, her interest in all things new and worthy was so unfalling that one never counted up her years and might be excused for thinking her imp There was about her that air of buoyancy and vigor that belongs to youth; and as she walked down the street before you the slight figure, almost girlish in its erect poise and the springing step, flatly contradicted the story of the soft white hair and the dates in the cyclopedias. There was youth in the half-laughing eye, too; and in the dimples that brightened that everready, kindly smile of hers.
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> It was difficult, then, to realize that this little lady's

memories stretched back to the childhood of literary New-York; that she knew Poe well in his days of struggle; that Fanny Osgood and Griswold and Willis frequented her drawing room, as have all the men and romen of letters who succeeded them; and that Henry Clay was another friend of her youth. It was at her house, it is said, that Poe, some weeks before its publication, first recited "The Raven." Of the Anne Lynch of that period, it is remembered that she had a graceful little figure; an abundance of fine brown hair; a face winsome and lovely in expression, though not regularly beautiful; handsome eyes; and a delicately pretty complexion. Then as later she had the art to make those about her happy; and happiest of all she made her mother, who was always with her and who lived under her care to a great age. It is pleasant to remember that, if her early youth had in it much unselfish toil for others, her after life was brightened by many good gifts of fortune-not the least of which was an ideally happy marriage.

Now and then in later years, when with those she

knew best, she would recall some noted figure, some grave or merry happening of those early days; but no entreaties could persuade her to put her reminiscences on paper. No one could have sketched so vividly the on paper. No one could have sketched so viving writers of the first half of the century; for, though there were enmittes many among them, all were agreed in their friendly regard for the sweet, bright and sympathetic young woman whose home was neutral ground. But there was much that was grotesque and unlovely in their quarrels; and doubtless Mrs. Botta felt that if she were not to send forth half-told and therefore valueless recollections she would be constrained to perpetuate memories of suffering, envy and unkindness among those early friends. To her gentle heart orbling could have seemed more cruel. It will always be remembered; of her that none ever heard from her lips a word of carping criticism. If she could not speak well and pleasantly of people she spoke of them of at all. Not that she was blind to what moved to laughter or to cynicism; a glint of humor in her bright showed that she saw if she forbore to con Mrs. Botta's tact and ease as a hostess were per

fect; no one was ever dull or bored in her comfortable house. She knew how to blend, without apparent effort, the most diverse social elements; and the light hearted gayety, simplicity and frankness of her welcome called forth all that was best and brightest in her guests. There are probably no Americans of note as writers and artists who have not trodden her broad stairway, and no distinguished foreign traveller this country has failed to taste her hospitality. Of these visitors in late years perhaps the most interest ing was Matthew Arnold-who was his pleasantest self under that pleasant roof-tree. Never was hostess more thoughtful of the comfort and pleasure of those about her; and in talk whether or witty she was always appreciative and responsive. She was a good friend albeit she was not wont to wear her heart upon her sleeve. No one ever heard from Anne Botta's lips a word which might be called "gushing," but many a one will treasure utterances therefrom of the gentlest kindness.

Of Charles Dickens as a small boy the sister of his old Chatham schoolmaster says that he was a very bandsome little fellow with long, curly, light hair and a very amiable, agreeable disposition. Even then (at nine or ten years of age) he was "capital company." He was at home at all sorts of parties, junketings and my fancy's places.

For I've got a pass to the fair, mother, I've got a season of November festivities round the bonfire.

Dickens's home, Gad's Hill Place, is, but for the rapid growth of his lime-trees skirting the road, quite analtered. It now belongs to the Hon. Francis Law Latham. Dickens's May-trees, planted by him in the meadow at the back of the house, were destroyed by a great gale of wind in 1881. A great many Americans visit the place and are always courteously welcom

The forthcoming number of the "Book Buyer" is to contain a portrait of Mr. Eugene Field; and from

advance sheets kindly furnished by the editor we take these biographical items:

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While he was yet a little child his mother died, and he was placed in the care of his annt, Miss Mary French, of Amherst, Mass. At seventeen years of age he entered Williams College. His father, Roswell M. Field, a distinguished lawyer of st. Louis, who is perhaps best known as one of the counsel for Dred Scott in the famous slavery case, was a thorough scholar. He required the young student to carry on all correspondence with him in Latin. Before the son had been long at Williams College the father died. Professor John W. Burgess, who was appointed the boy's guardian, placed him in Knox College, at Galesburg. Ill. He studied there two years, and afterward remained for some time at the University of Missouri. In 1871, having attained his majority, Mr. Field went to Europe, where he travelled for six months. He became a newspaper reporter in 1873, being employed on "The St. Louis Evening Journal," of which ha soon was made city editor. He also worked on a newspaper in St. Joseph for several months, and later became managing editor of "The Kansas City Times." About ten years ago he went to Denver as a member of the editorial staff of "The Tribune" of that city. There within a short time his writings gave him a wide reputation. In 1883 "The Chicago Daily News" secured his services, and ever since then he has been on the staff of that newspaper with full liberty to write what he pleases.

His capacity for work is prodigious. A pen capable

stad of that hewspaper with his infects to what he pleases.

His capacity for work is prodigious. A pen capable of making only the finest hair strokes whon once set to travelling over a pad of paper on his knee within two hours supplies enough of his beautiful microscopic writing to fill a long newspaper column of agate type. Usually the sheets go to the printers without a blow or erasure.

He has a beautiful library and divides his affecting the strong of the

tions between his books and his dozens of canaries. His next publication is to be a limited edition, privately printed, of his translations of Horace into

The octogenarian physician, Baron Larrey, has been writing an exhaustive biography of Mmc. Letitla Bonaparte, the mother of Napoleon. It is said that he has devoted all the spare hours of a busy life to the collection of all sorts of documents relating to " Madame Mere," whom he regards as the best, most beautiful and most intelligent woman of her time.

Among a quantity of reproductions of interesting autographs contributed by E. L. Welles to "St. Nicholas" is this letter, written by Thackeray when in this country: New-York, Sunday, Dec. 19.

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New-York, Sunday, Dec. 19.

My Dear Sir: I have great pleasure in sending you my signature, and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my books. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and, now that I have children of my own, love young people all the better, and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have done. But by that time you will be a man, and I hope will prosper. When I got into the railroad car to come hither from Beston, there came up a boy with a basket of books to sell, and he offered me one and called out my own name; and I bought the book, pleased by his kind face and friendly voice, which seemed, as it were, to welcome me and my own children to this country. And as you are the first American boy who has written to me, I thank you and shake you by the hand, and hope Heaven may prosper you. We who write books must remember that among our readers are honest children, and pray the Father of all of us to enable us to see and spea kthe truth. Love and truth are the best of all; pray God that, young and old, we may try and hold by them.

I thought to write you only a line this Sunday morning; but you see it is a little sermon. My own chil-

Let him who would read a sketch of New-England character absolutely true to life and full of heart-touching pathos take up the Easter number of "Harper's Bazar." Therein does Miss Wilkins tell a story which will surely leave one who reads it aright with a little hoking in his throat.

W. W. Story, the sculptor and poet, has prepared a

volume of essays, which is now on the press. It is to be called "Excursions in Art and Letters."